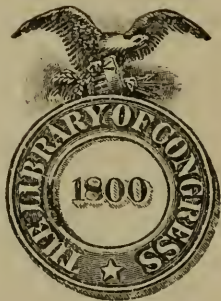


PS
3537
H768e
1922



SONNETS



Class PS3537

Book .H76S6

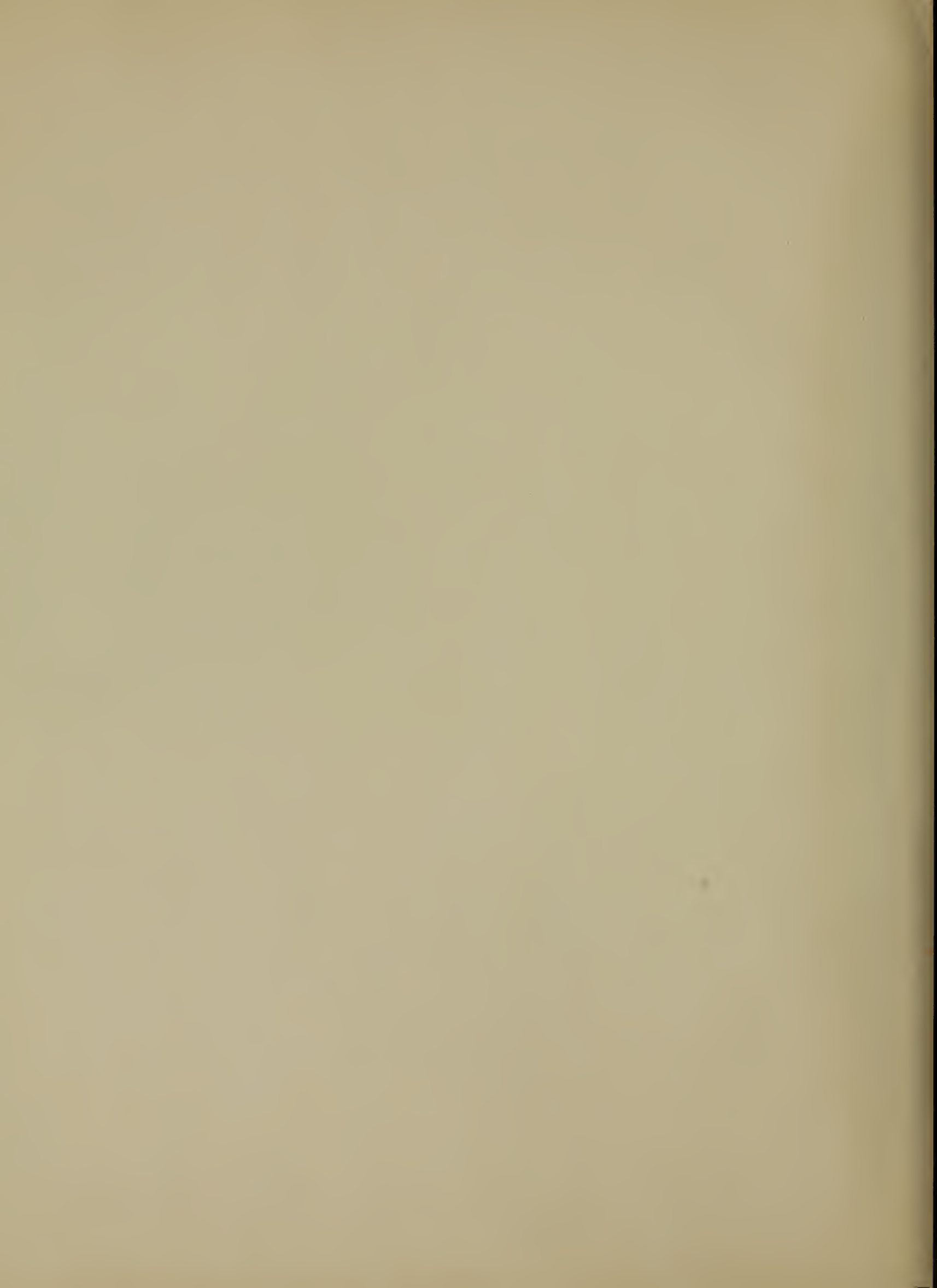
Copyright N^o 1922

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









SONNETS

SUGGESTED BY PAINTINGS
IN THE COLLECTION OF
JULIA MUNSON & FREDERIC
FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

BY
FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN



NEW YORK
CHRISTMASTIDE
MCMXXII

PS3537
H76 S6
1922

Copyright 1922 by
Frederic Fairchild Sherman



FEB 21 '23

©CIA698389

no 1

CONTENTS



ARCADIA

Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder

A SOUTH SEA IDYL

Painted by J. Alden Weir

THE WRECK

Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG PAINTER

Painted by Benjamin D. Kopman

THE SUNLIT DELL

Painted by Lillian M. Genth

MEDITATION

Painted by Benjamin D. Kopman



SONNETS



ARCADIA

Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder

Here in this garden that the world knows not
 One hears the voices of the long ago,
 The throb of strings touched by an elfin bow,
The pipes of fairies heretofore forgot.
Still fragrant as of old this secret spot
 And fair as Tempe in the moon's white glow—
 An Eden of today that does not know
The curse of Adam that the world doth blot.

A setting like a dream's it is—that wakes
Our slow imagination and that makes
 Us sense at last the dance's deathless rhyme
Of nymphs and satyrs living here today
Forever young, as ere had passed away
 The gods and goddesses of ancient time.



A SOUTH SEA IDYL

Painted by J. Alden Weir

Child of the magic islands of the Southern sea,
Hibiscus blossoms in your raven hair
And o'er your head a palm held in the air—
Figure of romance and of earth's poetry
That never dies, forgotten though it be—
I often wish that I were with you there,
As full of wonder and as free of care,
The music of your voice to comfort me.

Deep in the lustrous depths of your dark eyes
I fathom something of the mighty past
That is your everlasting heritage,
Only to grieve man is so little wise
He knows you not—of all the gods the last
That evermore shall brighten History's page!



THE WRECK

Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder

High on the beach, left by the fallen tide,
In bold relief against the moonlit dark,
Deserted and forgotten lies the bark
Which once the ocean's reaches used to ride.
Across one mast hangs still a yard stretched wide
That makes a Cross, upstanding, cold and stark,
There in the night—a punctuation mark
To stop one's heart, remembering Him who died.

And what if now upon Eternity
The world lay like this wreck beside the sea,
Untenanted and broken in the shadows dim,
With nothing standing save the cross? That thought
Somehow the artist in this picture wrought
To haunt us with its implication grim!



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG PAINTER

Painted by Benjamin D. Kopman

Eyes full of dreams and thoughts far, far away,
Idle he sits before his easel here;
Nor does he see the guest that doth appear,
Whom he has waited thus for many a day.
He can but doubt his skill as yet, and pray
For that perfection which to him is dear;
While even now Fame with a flower is near,
Waiting her debt of gratitude to pay.

Peace, gentle youth, the picture in your heart
Shall yet come true upon your square of wood
With all the wonder and the loveliness
Of an immortal masterpiece of art—
And you whose work is so misunderstood
New generations shall arise to bless!



THE SUNLIT DELL

Painted by Lillian M. Genth

Deep in the woods there is a sunlit dell
 Of leafy fragrance filled the whole day long
 With fluttering wings and ecstacies of song.
A stream that tinkles like a fairy bell
Drips from the rocks, and crystal as a well
 Lies in a pool among the flowers that throng
 The path down which Eve, hid from eyes that wrong,
Returns as to her bath in Eden ere man fell.

What sylvan scenes of fabled days of yore,
 What vistas of forgotten dreams of youth,
 Return to gladden once again our eyes
In here beholding Happiness once more—
 A human form touched by the light of Truth
 With new divinity—in a new Paradise!

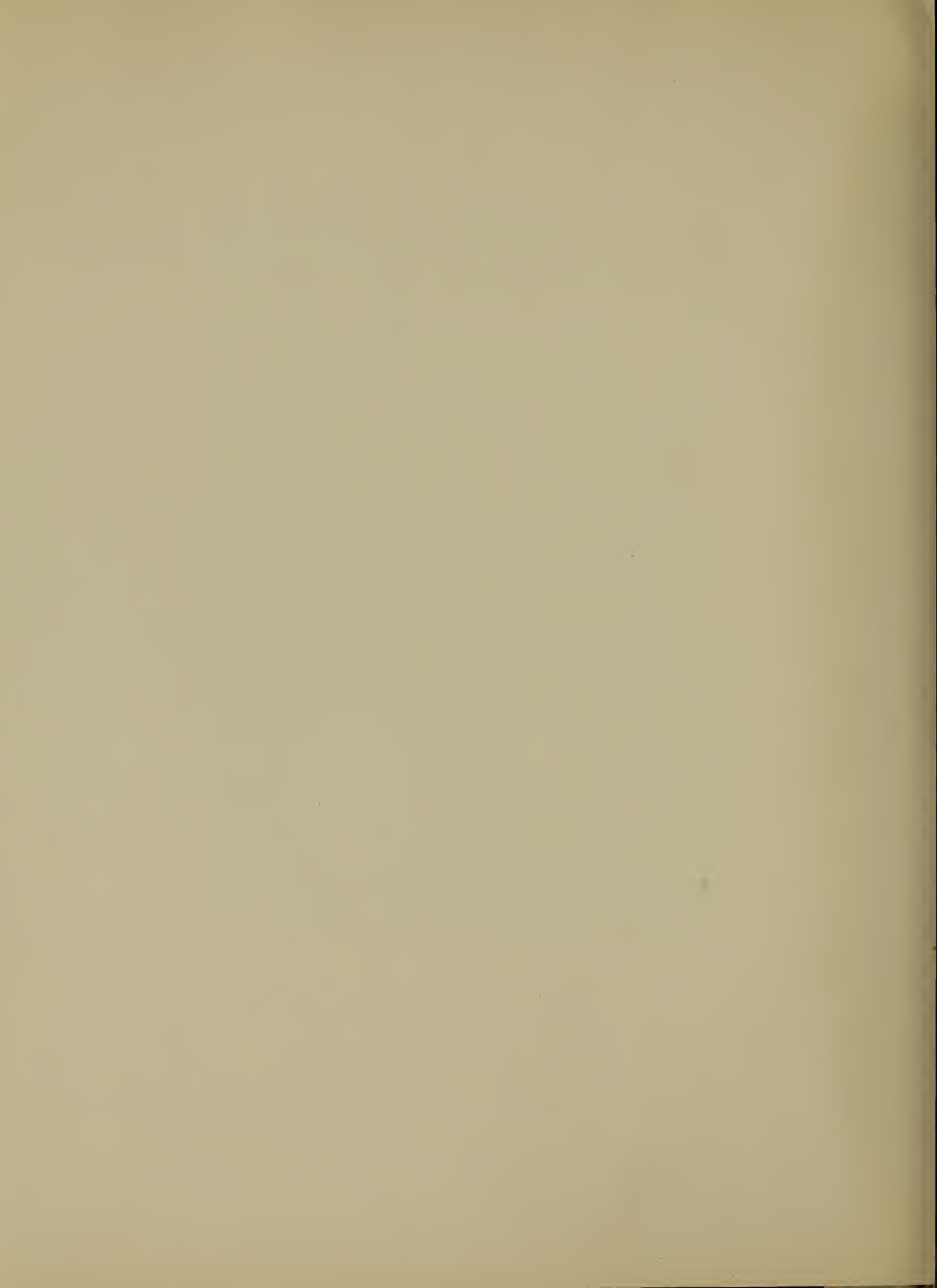


MEDITATION

Painted by Benjamin D. Kopman

Like some lone castle's single soaring tower
 One mountain lifts its everlasting height
 Against the dusk, and in the gathering night
Beside it blossoms in the airy bower
Of heaven the summer moon—a crimson flower
 Hung in God's garden like a lantern bright
 The paths of peace and quietude to light
By the still waters at the twilight hour.

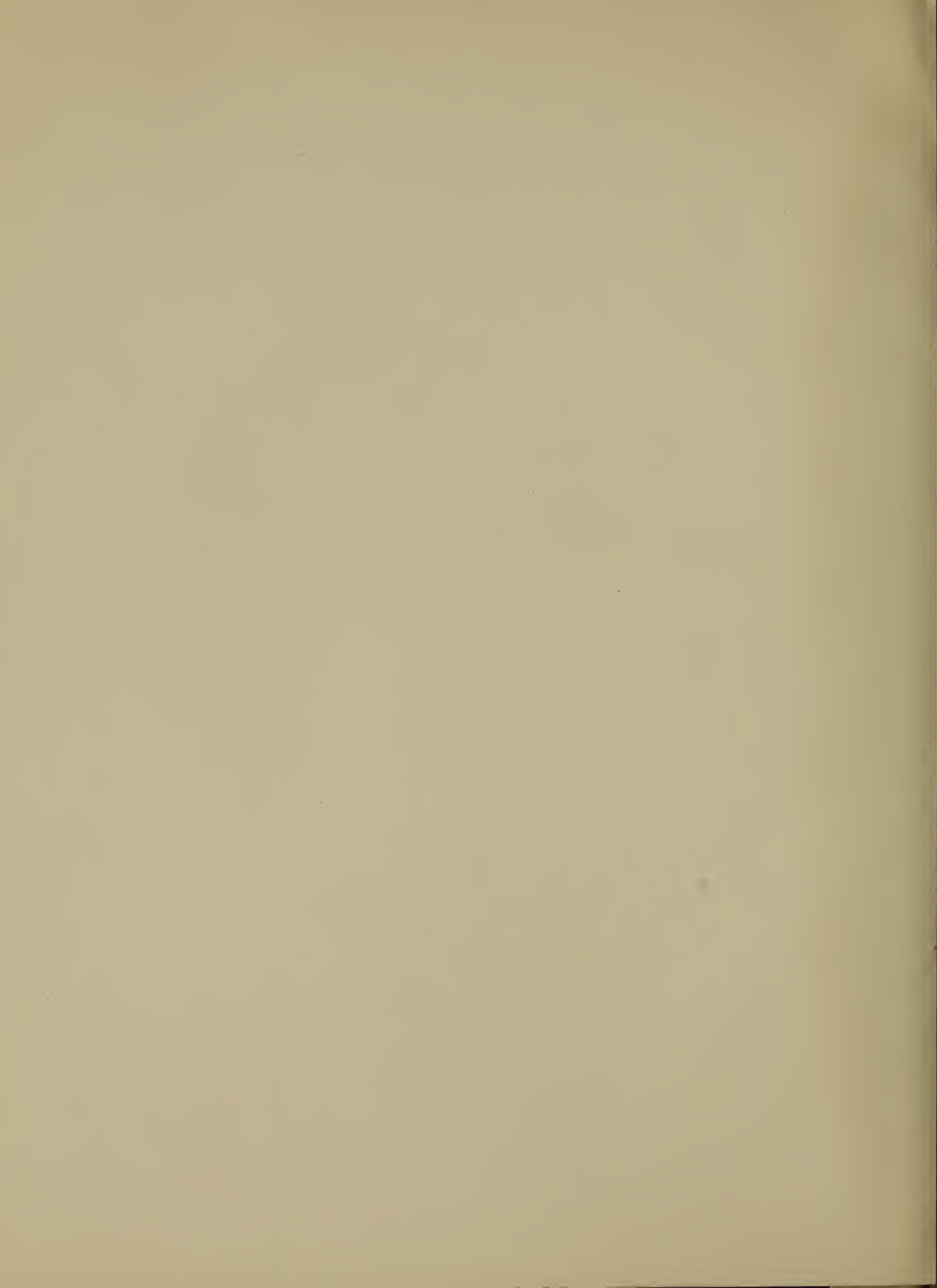
Only the hermit thrushes' vesper hymn
Here penetrates the woodland cloisters dim,
 And she who walks in beauty in this place
Of refuge from the many cares of day
The Master meets and never comes away
 But some new glory shines from out her face!



SEVENTY-FIVE COPIES PRIVATELY PRINTED
FOR JULIA MUNSON AND FREDERIC FAIRCHILD
SHERMAN AND THEIR FRIENDS DURING
THE MONTH OF DECEMBER MCMXXII







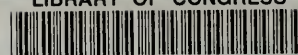
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 391 989 1

